

Gorham July 3. 1839

Dear Anne

I commenced our excursion to the White Mountains as was mentioned in my letter to you. We, that is, Henry, George, & myself, reached Concord the first day - saw George Kent, & some other friends. Next day went to Plymouth. Both of these towns, you will say, are immortalized by G. Thompson. Rev. Mr. Parker of Cambridge, his wife, his sister, maid & child, have been here this day, before our return from the White Mountains. Spent Friday night at the Hatch in Franconia. In this vicinity is the "Old Man of the Mountain," who has braved the tempests over since the flood. The scenery here is very magnificent, & I think, more beautiful than at the Hatch of the W. Mts.

The next day we reached "Fabyans hotel" where all gentle people stop who go to visit the grandeur of natures works in the North. Henry with four days of hard toil, it was very agreeable to remain quiet the following day, which was the Sabbath, contenting ourselves with viewing the numerous mountains around from the balcony of the hotel. We announced to our host our intention to visit Mount Washington on the morrow. A horse for each one of the party was at the door in the morning. The guide mounts, & with a days store of provisions, leads the way. The rest of the party follow in single file amid rocks & old trees, now climbing unceasly, now plunged in a morass, & now fording a river, the water to the horses girths. In this way you proceed six miles - then the guide turns to a tree in a dense forest - & with staff in hand commence your pilgrimage to the upper world, the guide leading the way. The suspension starts freely, & you

are many, & out of breath. The guide presents you with a cup of water taken from one of the many springs which are gushing from the mountain & you rest on the moist rock a few minutes. You move on again, & again stop for breath at length you emerge from the forest, first the stunted growth of evergreen & soon after vegetation ceases altogether. From this point to the summit, about a mile, is a mass of rocks which seems to have been shattered to fragments by some commotion, & left mostly in a vertical position, on the projecting points of which you mount you may way. Arrived at the summit, the world is at your feet. Somebody has said it is like being in a sea of mountains. It is the best description I know of. You soon feel the cold too intensely for comfort, & begin to descend arrived at the "Camp," where the horses were left, you partake of the refreshments, which the guide has brought, with a good appetite. You may take the horses & reach the hotel about sundown, & remain you are right, if no more of sound sleep. That most vicious thing, a slave holder, from Missouri, we found there, by the name of Harwick, a lawyer. A large party of his friends from that state, he told me, were on their way to the mountains to pass the summer. The women have begun already to introduce themselves into all our places of fashionable resort. How kick out for males. This same thief was there last year, drinking champagne, smoking, gambling, &c. & what was the opinion which the host & all the servants formed of him? Why that he was a generous, whole soul'd fellow - a perfect gentleman! How much his character was brightened by the fact that no respectable woman durst to come within a mile of him, I know not, but, undoubtedly, very considerable. Tuesday commenced journeying homewards through the Great ditch, Conway, Dover, Latta, & Lowell.

For twenty miles the road winds among the mountains & the soil & accumulation it receiving constant accessions from the mountains.

At the base of the White mountains, I found a pair of horses, black, of high reputation for youth, beauty, docility, strength, & good behaviour generally, which I purchased. You shall have time the pleasure of seeing them more when you come here, provided you do not delay too long, & if you are very saucy, perhaps riding after them. It is so great a boon, that I do not like to bind myself by a law of the Bredes & Persons. Tomorrow is to be a great day here. Some 8 or 10 horses meet here with flags streaming & all the pomp & circumstance of of gaieties near, to drink wine & burn gun powder.

It is a democratical celebration - I expect to attend & thus to prove that I am not a non-existent. Had I the eloquence of Phillips, how I would ^{make} enthralling clatter about them course. Martin should have his descent.

Elijah Wright is expected in town to day, & perhaps St. Clair, as he said, at the County meeting of Worcester a few days since, that he intended to come - get up a Soc. here (auxiliary to his faction), for that there were 200 good abolitionists in this place who would not unite with the present society. They are desirous in other ^{entitled a few more} _{but are} measures. Garrison's ^{entitled a few more} remarks in the last liberator were very good - the conspirators should have no quarter. Johnson's reply to Whittier indicated some sense, tho' Elijah W. calls him a fool. Shall you go to the convention at Albany? If you do, had you not better join us, that is May & myself? I am now thinking of going across the country to Albany, but have not fully settled it. I expect your Non-resistants will be humbled somewhat markedly, & perhaps annihilated. Better make your wills.

Yours, as ever A. Garrison Jr.

July 3. 1839

Dear
M. S.

P.M.

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Miss. Anne Weston

Weymouth

Mass.